



Amateur Model

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NUMBER 3

**Including
the
1989
Competition
winner**

Special

Amateur Model

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ABC

ISSN 0265-1289

Introducing

Winner

THE

OF  1989

AMATEUR MODEL
COMPETITION



Looking through this magazine, it's not hard to see why so many of the girls who apply for our Amateur Model of the Month feature go on to become professionals. The standard of entries is always very high. This year, the competition itself was no exception, but there's only ever one winner, and once all the girls had visited us, all that remained was the judging. Or, as my gaffer, Sir Gutto slurred, "Oi! Scotty, get your arse in gear and sort out that competition!"

So, after many days of deliberation which saw the Art Room Gods and we poor, mortal Editorial staff glance at all the sets repeatedly — we were judging the winner, honestly! — we chose Wendy Jones from Birmingham.

Blonde Wendy was up against some pretty stiff — no lewd jokes, please — opposition and over the next 130 odd pages, you'll see just how close things were. So read on, and remember, the judges decision is final!

Another year goes by, and another group of girls take their places to compete for the Knave Amateur Model awards. This year, we have eight girls for you to cast your eyes over, including the 1989 Amateur Model Competition winner: Wendy Jones.

AMANDA STEPHENS



Photographed by JAMES FREEMAN



As you can see, Amanda was very taken with the couch we used in this set, and kept striking new poses on it. We didn't mind, but managed to convince her to wait until the photographer arrived before she got too carried away. Up until she worked for us, Amanda had been a trainee retail manager up in Manchester, but then that lot at *Fester* struck again, and now she's going to start modelling full-time. She will shortly appear in *Comic Strip*, the latest *Fester* spin off . . . Did I say she was starting a *successful* career by working for them?!



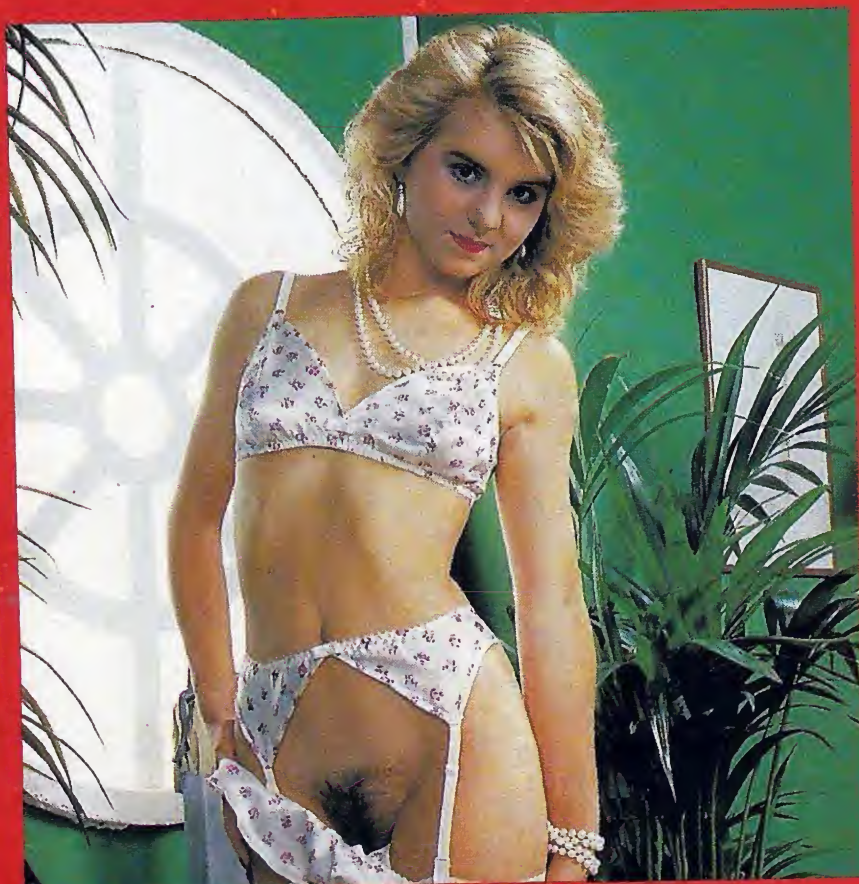




Judy Williams



Photographed by NICK GURGUL



I'm afraid our studio manager got a little carried away with the design of this set. He's a big fan of *Play School*, and decided it would be rather nice to have a 'round window' just like theirs. Poor bloke. Still, it met with Judy's approval, and as you can see, it certainly throws light on the reasons we had for bringing her into the studio as part of our Amateur Model competition. "It's not like I expected it would be," said Judy in her Yorkshire accent. But when we showed her the squalor the Art Dept. live in, she changed her mind!





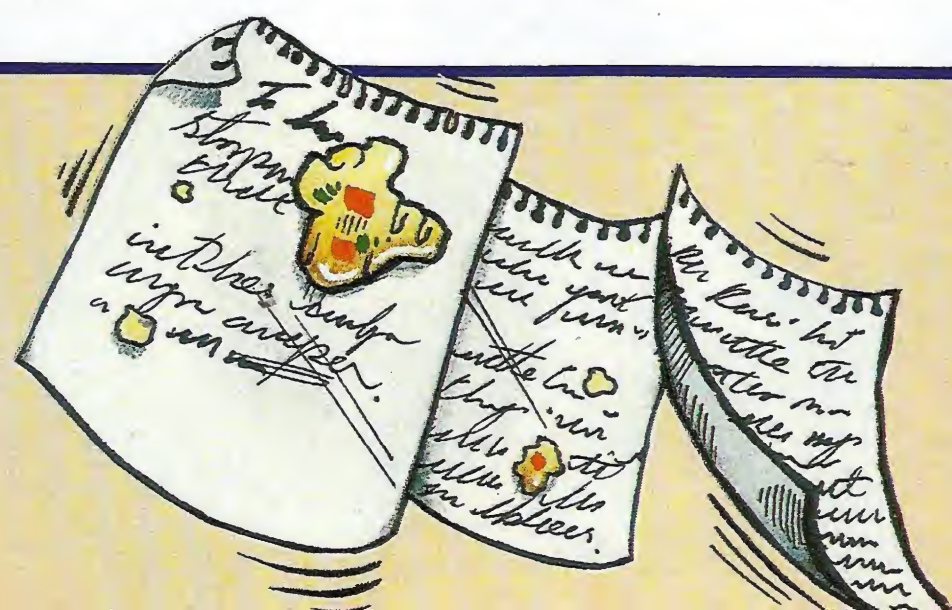




Writers

HOW TO GET RID OF THEM!

We are plagued by free-lance submissions every week. My desk creaks under their weight. Of course, we have some writers who are old friends, and give us well written, interesting articles or fiction: the kind of material we want. And then there are people like EUGENE SMEDLEY ...

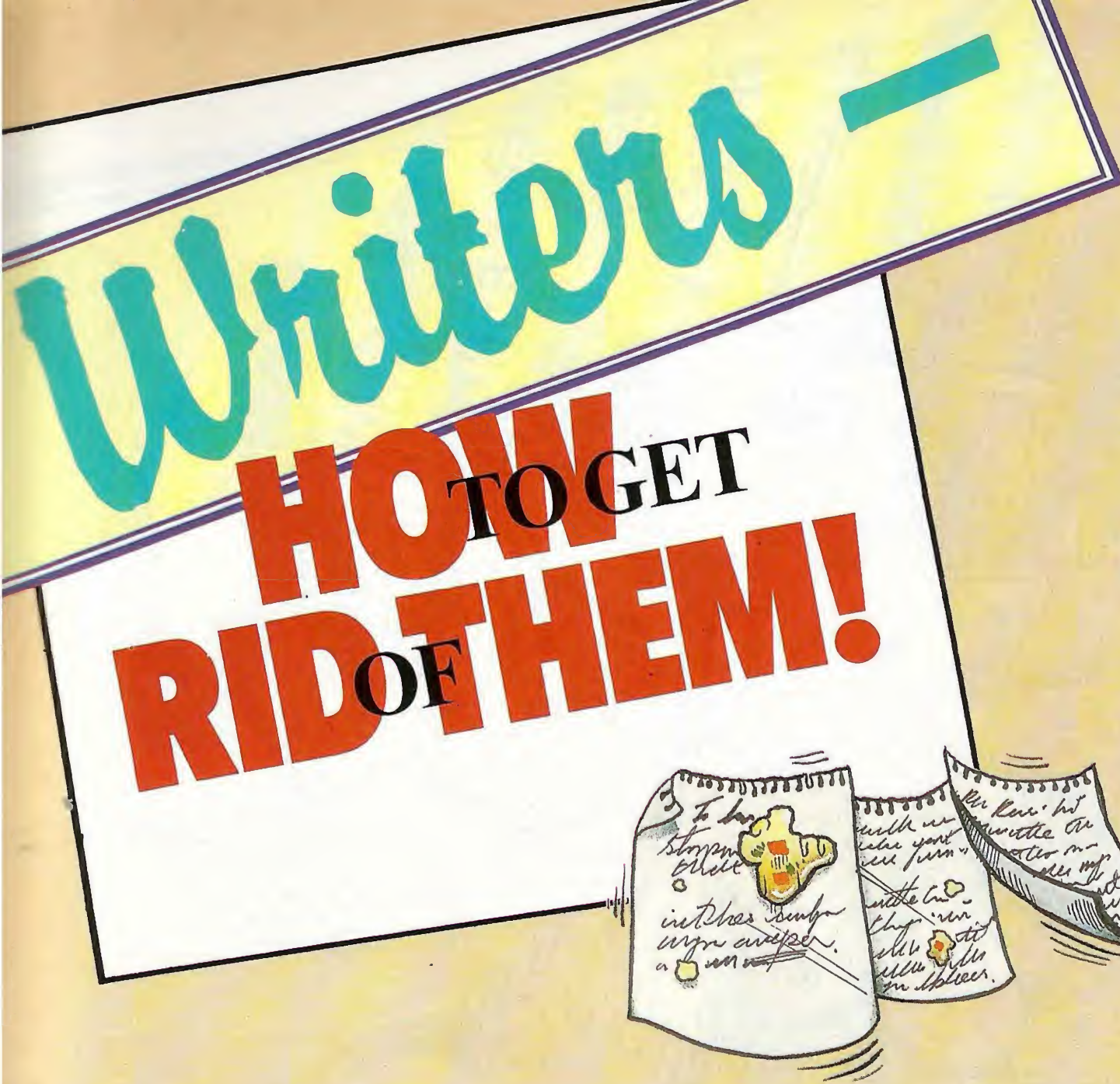


The piece entitled 'My Week In A Welsh Cottage With Six Swedish Hitch Hikers' has caused me nothing but trouble. That's not to say that the events I describe in it didn't happen. They did. Well, some of them did. I did spend a week in a Welsh cottage last summer. But there were no girls. Only me, my typewriter, and my imagination.

During my boring holiday, I thought I'd turn typewriter and wishful thinking to good use by knocking out a racy article which I would then sell to the first men's magazine that would take it.

It was a good piece, too. Well, I liked it. It had everything — sex, scenery, sex, Swedish cui-





sine, sex, cars and a bit more sex. Permit me to quote a passage or two:

"What are you doing with those smorgasbords, Greta?" I enquired, eagerly pulling down my trousers. "Eating them, you idiot!"

Or

"Helga seductively peeled off her clothes and clambered into the bed. Five minutes later, she was fast asleep."

Or

"We screwed and screwed and screwed until the fuse box cover had come off."

Well, I'm sure you'll agree that this is hot stuff, guaranteed to arouse the cheque book of any red-blooded editor.

So I typed it out neatly and put it in an envelope addressed to my old friend the Editor of Knave. As I was walking down the garden path to the post box, the postman came up and handed me a letter. It was from Grandmother.

Grandmother is stinking rich and when she says jump, the entire family leaps without question. Where there's a will, there's relatives, that's what I always say.

She was writing to tell me that if I didn't stop working for men's magazines and start writing for other magazines instead (or better still, get a proper job), she would cut me out of her will. She's had a big downer on Knave and its ilk ever since Grandfather died of a heart attack while looking at pictures of Jackie from Slough (Knave Vol. 5 No. 2).

Grandmother's will is my command. So I ran off 20 copies of the article at the local copyshop and started sending them off to other mags. Most of them got back to me by return of post...

P*nch

Dear Mr. Smedley,

We'd like to print your piece, mate. But we can't. Sorry, old cock, but I showed it to ten different people, and stap me! They all laughed! Cripes! I

thought. We can't have anything like that in P*nch! Cheers, Monty Piffle, Editor.

The New M*sic*l Expr*ss

Smedley...

Wittgenstein and the Clash. Jimmy Somerville and Andy Warhol. Existential angst. She loves you yeah, yeah, yeah. Did we love your piece? Nein, non, nyet (tell him to fuck off! — Ed.)

The T*tler

Well Darling!

We were just too, too thrilled to receive your little submission and frankly darling, we're just too, too thrilled to send it back to you. The salacious gossip it contains is simply too, too divine, but you nimbly skipped over the really important things. How many racehorses does Ingrid own? Is Olga one of the Malmo Hosenblatters? Lovely, people, my dear. Has Greta been between the sheets with any members of the Swedish royal family? Though really darling, your greatest drawback is the fact that you yourself are a nobody. A complete nobody.

Yours superiorly,
The Hon. Lady Amelia Twitterington-Snob, Editor.

S*ldier of F*rt*ne

Hey Soldier!

Get a haircut and stand to attention when you write to us! First, where the hell is Wales? Is it part of Angola? 'Nam? Nicaragua? How many batallions would you say we'd need to take the place out? And, most important of all, who's paying?

Why didn't you waste the Swedish broads when you had the chance? You know that Sweden's neutral. And in our book, that's every bit as bad as being a vicious, slant-eyed, commie-faggot-creepo.

I put your article up to our editorial board and they shot it full of holes. Here's the only piece I could find. Kill a commie for Jesus!

Major-General Rambo Schwarzenegger, U.S. Army (Cashiered), Commanding Editor.

Ph*to L*ove

My very dearest Eugene,

Trixie, the gorgeous young editor, flounced into her office and from across the room her eyes met... Eugene Smedley's article. But as their love grew, and she got to know it better, she realised that it never could be. Her heart went out to another article — one that was well-written, didn't have any spelling mistakes and — above all — was as pure as the driven snow (i.e. one that didn't have any sex in it, buster).

Goobye dearest darling. I'm sure that in the fullness of time, your heart will mend and you'll find another. There are plenty of other magazines in the sea. And any rag that would print this article deserves to be dumped in mid-Atlantic.

Yours forever,
Trixie Slushbucket, Gorgeous Young Editor.

The Ec*n*mist

Dear Mr. Smedley,

I enclose the feature article you so kindly sent us. I also enclose a copy of the graph that our Bureau of Statistics and Speculation produced for you. It shows a projection of our net profits for the first 31 days of the month of July, were we to turn over our capital and labour to

the production of your article. As you can see, the line descends to the point where net returns would exceed sales in certain specified geographical and socio-economic groups. (All of them). This would precipitate a short-to-medium-term cash-flow crisis for us, leading to a possible liquidation scenario.

Yours,

Frank Money, Editor.

P.S. While I'm about it, you may be interested to know that our people have calculated that you spent £50 too much on each girl. You could still have scored without having to buy the champagne and the fish-eggs.

The T*mes Literary Supplem*nt

Sir,

Wasn't it Proust who said that, "An unexamined life is not worth leading?" Perhaps. Was it not the editor of the T*mes Literary Supplem*nt who said that, "A piece of shit like this is not worth publishing?" I rather think it was. Oh mores! Oh tempora! Sic transit gloria, Smedley!

Yours literally,
Nigel Shakespeare, Editor.

The Bean*

Crikey!

Only a swot would be able to write anything with more than 100 words in it. We showed it to Smiffy and he got a headache. Fatty ate it and said it was terrific nosh.

Anyway, who'd want to have anything to do with soppy girls? Cheerio,

The chap with the paper bag over his head.

2*** A.D.

Judge Dredd Sez...

Articles like this (KAAPOWWE-EEE!) are punishable under penal code 25/B/72098 by (KA-BOOM!) death by instant electrocution (ZZZZZZAAAAAPPPP!) Followed by 30 years in exile on the penal colony of (KER-RUNNCH!) Antares IV.

Incidentally (KERRTHWAKK!), what's a girl?

Vorsprung Durch Technik, Earthling, The Mighty Tharg, Supreme Galactic Editor-in-Chief.

B*ring C*omputers Monthly

Enter: article too basic.
Goto: Hell
Incidentally, what's a girl?
Amstr*d Apple, Editorial Unit.





My M*t*r — Bike

Vrooom! Vrooom!

Who the hell are you trying to kid? Sex with six Swedish girls? Hell, them chicks probably wash once a week or more! You don't mention your bike at all, and you kinda made me feel as though the chicks were... pedestrians. Ugh! That makes me feel disgusting all over! I don't want no asshole degenerates in my magazine. I've had enough of this. I'm going to get on my Harley, chug back a few beers, fart a lot and pork me a hog. Or... I dunno... Maybe I'll get on my hog, chug back a few farts, beer a lot and pork me a Harley. Shit, you got me all confused.

Live fast, die young,
Johnny Slugdeath, Editor.

D.I.Y. M*nthly

Dear Sir,

1). Tear along flap A at top of envelope. 2). Remove manuscript B. 3). Fold along dotted lines i — iv, using spirit level to

keep edges properly aligned. 4). Compress manuscript B into small compact mass with aid of workbench vice or hammer. 5). Remove trousers and underpants C. 6). Insert manuscript B into rectum D, using power drill or chisels if necessary. Yours constructively,
D.I. Yourself, Editor.

Psych*logy Tod*ny

Dear Patient,

At first we were deeply disturbed by your manuscript. However, after further analysis we can see that it is a desperate cry for help and can understand the deep-rooted guilt complex you must be suffering from after the experience you describe.

We feel that your article may be able to live a normal and fulfilled life after seven or so years of weekly analysis. Please bring it around — along with your cheque book — to the surgery of Dr. Sigmund von Doppleganger at 2.30pm next Thursday. After seven gruelling years on the great man's couch, it may have a place in

our magazine.

On the other hand, you could just jump off a bridge.
Yours Neurotically,
Oedipus Complex & Freud Ian Slip, Associate Editors.

True D*t*ctive

Hey you!

Yes, you ya punk!

Editor Kills Freelance Writer
Horror! Contributor Battered to Death With Own Manuscript!
See The Freelancer Born With The Mind Of A Frog! Hear The Editor Go Totally Apeshit! Smell This Manuscript! Guess What The Answer Is! NO!!! Over My Dead Body, He Said.
Yours with guts,
Mickey Splatter, Editor.

Ast*unding!

Dear Mr. Smedley,

We are the world's leading fantasy and science fiction magazine. We believe in wizards and witches. We believe in elves and fairies. We believe in magic swords, spaceships and UFOs. We believe that President Kennedy was assassinated by Venusians. We believe that Orson Welles was carried off by vampires. We know that flying saucers control the Stock Exchange and that King Edward VII was the Abominable Snowman.

But we don't believe, can't possibly believe that a prat like you could have got off with six gorgeous girls. Of any nationality.

May the Force be with you,
Heinlein W. Hubbard, Editor.

The Cath*lic H*r*ld

My son,

You have sinned. Oh boy,

have you sinned! The article you sent us was one hell of a sin.

Leaving aside such obvious sins as being Swedish, having sex and failing to feel guilty about it afterwards, I see that you have indulged — along with your young lady friends — in the mortal sin of hitch hiking.

But the biggest sin of the lot is your dreadful prose style, along with your incredibly inept spelling.

Take your manuscript back. And take a thousand Hail Marys while you're at it.
Yours Catholically,
Mgr. Rocky Savage, SJ, Editor.

G*dd H*usek**ping

Dear Mr. Smedley,

Your problem is a very common one. Housewives are always asking me what they can do with those manuscript left-overs: those cheaper cuts of prose that can't be sold anywhere else.

Well, you could try this simple recipe for:

Rejected Manuscript Casserole.

1 lousy manuscript

10lbs dead dog

½lb yak dung (grated)

1 lge. onion

3 eggs

2 inner tubes

4 pts. vaseline

Bung the lot into your food processor (or word processor), and food process until really eccchhy. Put in oven at gas mark 12 for a week. Then throw away.

Yours Mouthwateringly,
Mrs. Eaten, Editor.

★ ★ ★

I finally realised that all these other publications were not for me. What, after all, was my Grandmother's immense wealth if I was unable to work for the

magazine with Jackie from Slough in it? I knew my old friends wouldn't let me down. I knew my good mate and drinking partner, the Knave Editor, would buy my piece.

So I sent it to P*nhouse.

Three days later...

Dear Sir,

We would take this piece of crap off your hands if out standards were lower. As things are, our standards couldn't get any lower. We couldn't even print this as a reader's letter because we'd have to pay you. Besides which, you don't pretend to be rich like all our readers and contributors pretend to be. A cruddy little Welsh cottage is right out. Should be your villa in the South of France. Swedish is out, too. You should be in bed with Madonna, Sam Fox, Selina Scott and Belinda Carlisle. And instead of hitching, they should be driving Porsches. And you never mentioned even one of the expensive products

that are regularly advertised in our magazine.

Yours,
Lazy Quick-Draw, Editor.

I know when I'm beaten. I couldn't sell it anywhere. Granny's legacy be damned. I heaved a heavy sigh of relief and sent the article off to my dear old friend the Knave Editor.

Six months later...

Dear Sir/Madam,

We read your article with interest but are sorry to have to tell you that it is not quite suitable for our purposes. However, we wish you every success in finding a publisher for it elsewhere.

Yours faithfully/sincerely,

Sam Lamp Kid

Assistant Editor





"Madam — the wedding is at the church across the road!"

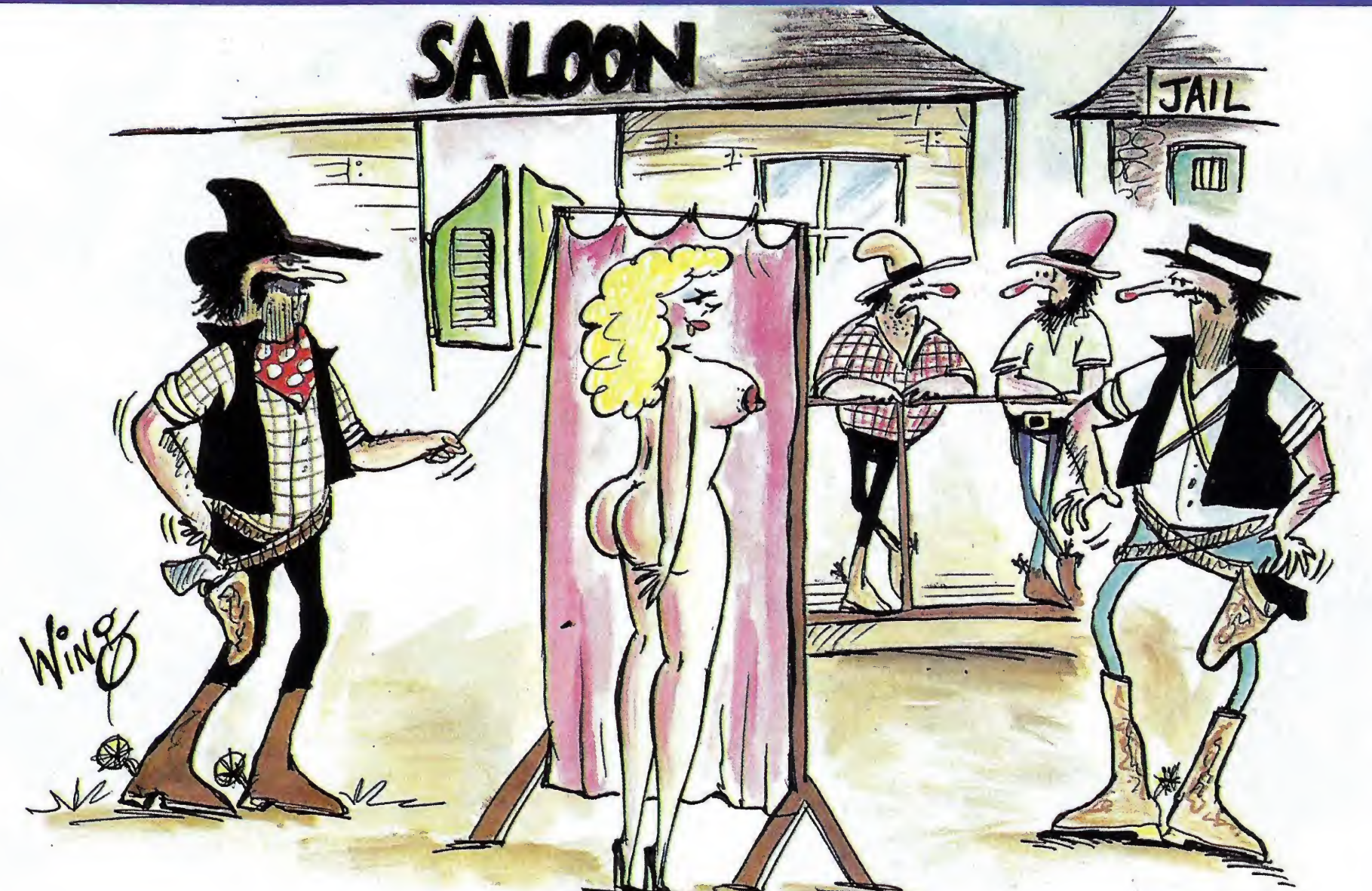


LAUGH WITH

Wing & Sons



"My boy, with an act loik that, you could make a bloody fortune!"



"That's Dirty Jake — never lost a gunfight yet!"



Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW

All items of lingerie are produced in 100% nylon.
NIGHTWEAR SHOULD BE KEPT AWAY FROM FIRE

It was a long trip all the way from Cumbria for Samantha, who is training to be a nurse. But the results were well worth the effort. All went well until she eased her panties down, and then the temperature suddenly rose. We had trouble keeping young Austin Legrew, the photographer cool; and had to employ the ice-cube trick during the shoot. Even though she's used to seeing strange sights on the wards, Samantha still found it hard keeping a straight face as Austin stood there with half a glacier down his trousers!







SEX

AND THE
BRITISH BUSINESSMAN

Gold credit cards, alley-cat morality overlayed with a thin veneer of designer respectability. It's all on expenses for the British businessman, just ask KENNETH KINGDOM . . .

A Fleet Street friend, now a deputy editor, arrived in New York. At JFK a smoked windowed limo, the length of an Havana cigar, awaited him. An enormous black man in a smart, dove grey, chauffeur's uniform stepped out from behind the wheel and saluted. "Your car, Mr Smith . . . the one Mr Brown arranged for you in London."

The Fleet Street man remembered. He had done a favour for an American contact in Grosvenor Square. The one who still wore button down white collared shirts and a





SEX AND THE BRITISH BUSINESSMAN *continued from previous page*

black suit Sundays; who used the Federal 'we' in response to opinion demanding questions, yet never volunteered what he actually did himself. It had all been so casual. "When are you next visiting The Big Apple, Tom? Let me know, I'll have you met..." And that was that.

"Tom" snapped out of a jet-lagged reverie. The back door of the *Cadillac* was being held open for him; the chauffeur was saying: "Have a good trip downtown, sir. You'll find all you want inside."

Within the roomy labyrinths of the limo Tom sank back in the leather a moment and got his bearings. A glass partition was closed behind the front compartment. A walnut drinks cabinet and television were within arm's reach... and a presence. Someone else was in the back too. Gender, feminine. Perfume, the most expensive *Chanel*. A silver blonde head, wearing fifty thousand dollars-worth of sable, turned towards him, crossing the shapeliest pair of silk-covered legs he had ever seen. Her voice was pure honey-bee. "Good morning, Mr Smith. I am Roxy. Mr Brown, in London, wants me to take real good care of you... would you care for a martini after your long trip?"

Was he dreaming, was he suffering from surfeit of James Bond watching, or was he in paradise no longer postponed? My Fleet Street friend neither knew nor cared. The martini almost took off the roof of his

mouth, it was that iced and potent. "Would you like teevee or something else?" purred the fantasy cocooned in sable and *Chanel* beside him, edging closer.

"Er? Ah, well, it's too early for me to watch TV. I'd rather listen to a soothing tape and have whatever else you've got."

She slid as silently as a Siamese cat down to the television set, flicked a couple of switches and the voice of Lena Horne came over singing, appropriately enough, "We'll take Manhattan, The Bronx, and Staten Island too..." as they drove down Broadway in the rush hour. Roxy was sitting on her heels, kneeling before him, and the sable was slowly dropping from her shoulders. She had not a stitch of clothing underneath it. The stockings were held in place by two black garters. Tom's eyes goggled in disbelief. "It's where I keep my tips, Tom," she husked, unbuttoning his fly and applying her lips to his manhood.

Over the top? Bullshit? The machinations of the reporter's ego? I would have thought so too, until it happened to me.

Barbados. 1985. The car park behind *Southern Palms*, a British-owned resort hotel sited at the bottom of this pear-shaped, sun-kissed island where the millpond Caribbean meets the rollers of the Atlantic Ocean, July; low season, I have a first floor corner suite all to myself overlooking the beach. I park the hire car, secure the doors, and fish for my document case containing my notebook and tapes from the front passenger seat. As I straighten up and bang the door to, a voice loaded with sexual vibrations enquires in my left ear. "You want some company, Mr Kingdom?"

"How do you know my name?" "Hey, a car park is no place for asking questions. Shall we go upstairs to your suite and discuss what the English call *Uganda*?" "Some Englishmen," I corrected her.

"Yes, those who read *Private Eye* and went to Sherborne..."

I didn't believe what I was hearing. She was in her late twenties, wore a tailored beige two-piece costume, and spoke with an educated timbre without a trace of *bajan* sing-song.

We walked over the road into the ling-lang scented gardens, alive with oleander and poinsettia. "But what about hotel security?" I demurred.

"You're a guest, and they certainly won't stop me!" she chuckled, as we passed a stone-faced guard whose eyes stared straight to his front without a flicker.

"The water is marvellous after midnight," she murmured, taking off her jacket and shirt, opening the blinds and the glass doors to the balcony. She had one hell of a figure. Jet black, yet with none of the negress's

accentuated swivel hips and bell bottoming. Within the space of ten minutes, from car park to my room, she had orchestrated an intimacy that made me willing to believe we had been lovers for ages and had come out to Barbados for a fortnight's fling.

We ran, naked, the two of us, into the water, swishing gently under the moonlight. We lost our depth as the first swell passed silently over our heads, as she wound her body around mine underwater. "You see, it is true that a man can get it up underwater!" she murmured throatily in my ear, gently biting the lobe.

I can say, with utter conviction, that was one time that I have come out of the sea hotter than I was going into it. We ran up the front steps to the suite and threw ourselves on top of the large king-sized bed, which hadn't been pulled down by the maid, in the spare-room. And there we made love as our passion dried the salt water faster than any towel could have done.

In the morning she had gone, leaving only a fragrant trace of musk on the next pillow. Remembering Tom's experience in New York I realized there had to be a pay-off somewhere along the line. I was in Barbados as a guest of a government agency. And she, whoever she was — I never got around to asking her name — had not even asked for any money. It was all very strange... but was it?

Two days later I was in the departure lounge at Grantley Adams airport, awaiting the big British Airways bird home to Heathrow. I looked up and saw a smartly dressed woman waving to me. The gentleman on her arm was not looking in our direction, but talking to a respectful airport official. "Who's that?" I nodded to the immigration bloke as I had my boarding card stamped.

"Oh, Mr —, he's the Minister of —. And that's his wife. She was *Miss Barbados* ten years ago. Mind you, man, I sure would give a week's wages to have that snuck up against me in bed..."

I waved back, and blew a kiss. "We're rather new old friends," I said to the Immigration inspector in answer to his puzzled questioning look.

It happened here too. A few months ago I attended the annual jamboree of a double glazing company in one of the Medway towns. To my surprise blue movies were included on the hotel's television guide. Channels 12 and 13. I just couldn't believe it. *Here*, in the midst of over respectable south east England? Oh well, mine not to reason why, I supposed. Time to put on dinner jacket and try and knot the damned bow tie, and get downstairs for the chairman's welcoming drinks party followed by dinner.

Male company, men's talk, and a fair

amount to drink. Feeling horny I switched on channel 12 in my room and sat back looking at two handsome young people coupling on a water bed.

Fifteen minutes, perhaps half an hour later, and a knock came at the door. Discreet, not too loud, but pleasantly insistent. I opened it, and a stunning raven-haired, tanned beauty wearing cool shades and an amused expression looked at me and said, *sotto voce*, "Good Evening, Mr Kingdom!" I was taken aback because I had not bothered to turn the television down, and the sounds of sexual gratification were wafting out from behind me. I stepped back. She followed, looked at the telly, tut tut tutted with mock severity, switched it off and said: "I do think there's nothing like the real thing, don't you?"

"And you are the real thing?"

"Well, do I sound like a Barbie doll?"

"How much?"

"That's what I like about a businessman. Straight from the shoulder; no nonsense."

"Feeling horny, I switched on channel 12 in my room and sat back looking at two handsome young people coupling on a water bed."

Um... £100... and, yes, I do take American Express, and yes, that will do nicely. Your Gold Card isn't charged until next month, so tonight is actually for nothing."

Her bantering tone changed. "I'll undress in the bathroom. Be back here with you in five minutes..." She came out wearing a white camisole, stockings and high heels and slipped onto the bed beside me. She was about 25 but very experienced. She was the girl from the television blue movie come to life, she said. "My name? Whatever you want it to be... No, I'm not a professional prostitute — because that's what you're thinking. I prefer to see myself as part of the modern infrastructure of commerce and industry. I help the greedy, not the needy. For the businessman who cheats on his wife. Shits that pass in the night."

I boarded, and disembarked just before breakfast. In the hotel lobby several others in our group also had contended pussycat expressions as they profusely thanked the chairman for a jolly good evening.

Last month, on the long night flight to Cape Town, a bubbly blonde disappeared into the first class loo and came out wearing a semi-transparent nightie. About 30, self-

assured, and utterly unselfconscious. The in-flight movie had finished half an hour before and the cabin was almost in darkness, save for a chink of light peeping through the curtain of the first galley where the duty cabin crew were skylarking.

There were about eight up the 'sharp end' of the aircraft, and I noticed the way she went right to the prow, where coats and jackets are respectfully hung up for those paying the premium for first class privileges, turned, and slowly walked back, looking at every one of us. I was in the back aisle seat on the port side. She sat across from me, smiled, and said: "It's so much more comfortable wearing night things at night, even when I'm flying."

She was Amelda. She had a rich boyfriend who didn't mind her leaving the cold British winter for the sun of South Africa now and again, and, yes, she was also staying at the same hotel in Cape Town. We made a date. We met, we dined, we went to bed, and I bought her a £300 bracelet. I didn't see all

that much of her, really. We went out about three or four times during the two weeks I was there.

Coming back to London, she was on the aircraft, and went through the same performance with the nightie, chatting to various men in the first class cabin. "No," she smiled. She couldn't let me know her London number. "My boyfriend, you know... bit difficult... might not understand..."

"Bullshit, man!" whispered a brawny Afrikaner after she had snuggled down for the night with another South African three seats in front. "I've got her address and phone number. Look!"

"Who is she?" I asked the purser as he served morning coffee after breakfast.

"A very successful businesswoman, sir."

"What's her business?"

"Travelling on this aircraft back and forwards to Cape Town twice a month. She takes payment in kind rather than cash, sir, but cashes in her chips, and her watches, and her rings, and her bracelets. She 'entertains' South Africans in London, and Englishmen in South Africa. It's what, I believe, the Americans call a *game plan*, sir. More sugar?"

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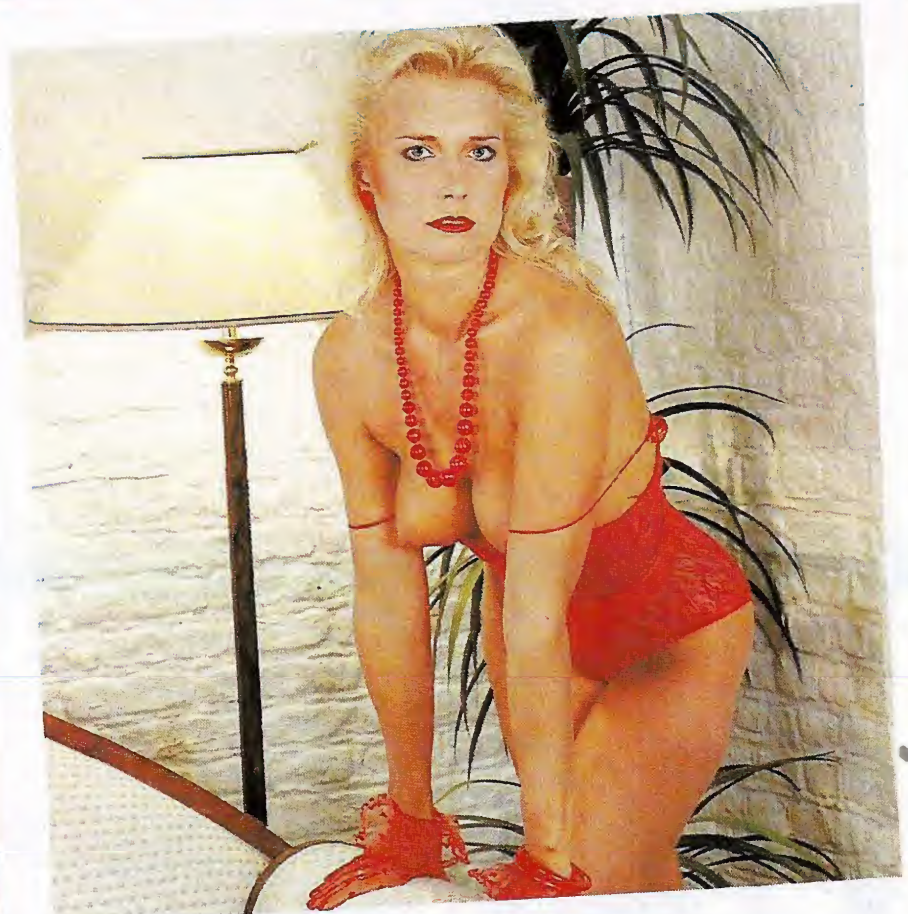
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Debbie Maxwell





You know when you phone up the operator and complain about the bad service you receive? Well, if you come from London, then it's quite possible that you will have spoken to Debbie here, because that's what she does for a living. As someone used to dealing with odd callers, she was more than able to cope with the XS Editor and his strange ways — she cut him off. He deserved it, really, he should never have asked her to whisper into his receiver!



52



Wendy JONES



Photographed by AUSTIN LEGREW



Here she is: the **Knave 1989 Amateur Model Of The Year**, Wendy Jones. Born several years ago — it would be impolite to reveal her age — in Birmingham, (actually, she's 22); Wendy has just graduated from art college and hopes to be a graphic designer. Our Art Editor seemed very interested in giving her some private tuition. Fortunately, Wendy isn't as stupid as *he* looks, and we scared him back into the art room with a photo of Norman Tebbit. We're predicting a successful career in modelling for Wendy, and hope to see her back (as well as her front) at Knave in the very near future.







Wendy JONES

KNAVE



THE KNAVE 1990

AMATEUR

MODEL
COMPETITION!

Yes, even as the 1989 competition closes, we begin another search for the Amateur Model of 1990! We are looking for a girl who has never appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine to appear on the cover of next year's Amateur Model Special, and grace the centre pages in a full model set. All you need to do is fill in the form opposite, and send it, along with at least three nude prints or polaroids of yourself to the address given.

The lucky winner will receive a holiday for two in Paris, one of the world's most beautiful cities, or the cash equivalent, and will be our guest for the day at our studio in Essex. There, she will be photographed by a professional glamour photographer, with our make-up artist on hand to ensure the winner looks her best!

The night before the photo session, our lucky winner and her partner will enjoy dinner, bed and breakfast at a local hotel. And for the photographer who ends in the snaps of our winner, there will be the additional prize of a top quality 35mm camera!

As well as picking a winner for the Amateur Model Special, which is due to be published in November 1990, we will also be selecting a number of second prize winners. These will all be invited into our studios to model for the Amateur Model feature in regular issues of Knave. They will also receive a fee of £200; and the photographer who took the original photos will receive a fee of £25.

Not only that, but we'll be choosing third prize winners, too! These will be photographs published in our Amateur Girls section, and will be the original pictures sent in by applicants for our Amateur Model feature - so even girls not asked into the studio have a chance to appear in Knave - and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

Remember, the competition closes on April 1st, 1990, so don't waste any time! A successful modelling career could be just around the corner!



Time Out in Paris

Undiscovered Paris
The Arcades - like the ones in London

The Colonades of the Palais-Royal

An old friend in the LOUVRE

Paris Open

in the underground once the haunt

WIN A FORTNIGHT IN FOR TWO! - OR £1000 CASH!

MODELS WANTED!

Model's Name

Address

Daytime Tel. No.

Date of Birth

Signature

Photographer's Name

Address

Daytime Tel. No.

Date Photos Taken

Signature

Send to: K.A.M.F., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Ladies! If you're thinking of going into modelling, then now's your chance! Every month our Amateur Model Feature premieres a different girl, and next month it could be you! Provided they have never appeared in Fiesta or any other men's magazine, female readers are eligible to become Knave Amateur Models. Just send us the completed application form, and three or four nude polaroids or prints. Then, each month, we'll pick the girl we like, and invite her to our studio in Essex for a day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer, and our own make-up artist and hair stylist to make sure the model looks her very best.

We pay our models £200 for their day's work, and an extra £25 to the photographers who originally sent the pictures in. So come on, take that first step into a new career!

SUSAN PARKER



What can you say about people who work in banks? I could slag them off for hours, because they keep messing me about; but when Susan told me she worked for the same bunch of sharks who hide my money from me, I shut up. Not only is the Hampshire lass a deputy branch manager, she's a lot bigger than me! And besides, I didn't want to say anything that could ruin my credit level forever! But it was really interesting listening to her lecture on financial management, and how to improve my cash-flow situation . . . honestly.

Photographed by Dave Antony







WEEKEND WHORES

Every Friday morning Monica Coghlan, the call girl in last year's Jeffery Archer libel case against *The Star* newspaper, kissed her teenage daughter goodbye in their neat Rochdale bungalow, and headed for The Smoke, the Court was told. There, in Mayfair's Shepherd Market, looking sexually provocative in a leather mini skirt, she plied her dangerous trade: the world's oldest profession, until respectability returned with the advent of Monday morning on the train travelling back to Lancashire where she became just another attractive Mum.

The rights and wrongs of the case do not concern us. What it did spotlight, however, was something social workers have known about for sometime. The growing army of part-time tarts who head

You've read about it
in the papers, you've
discussed it in the
pubs. Do respectable
women commute to
the city at weekends
and ply the oldest
trade known to man?
We asked our old
friend DERMOT
O'REILLY ...

for London and other big cities, earning more from Friday night until Sunday morning than their husbands or boy-friends generally make in a month.

They come from all classes and from every background. Female Jekyll and Hydes; chameleons, who keep their sexy private lives to themselves, and, in many cases, even from their husbands.

I stumbled upon the scene by accident some years ago when working for a Fleet Street news agency. The big man was coming over from the States; the big man was tired of being ripped off in the West End's hostess clubs, buying bottles of *Dom Perignon* at £150 a time, and enjoying what Mr Justice Caulfield described as 'rubber insulated sex' afterwards for another £150, plus a 'prezzie'. The big man wanted what he described as a one to one, 72-hour lock-in situation 'but not with a whore' concluded the Editor, rubbing his eyes in disbelief. He looked across the desk and said, "Do something about it, if you can. It'll make our life a lot easier over here ..."

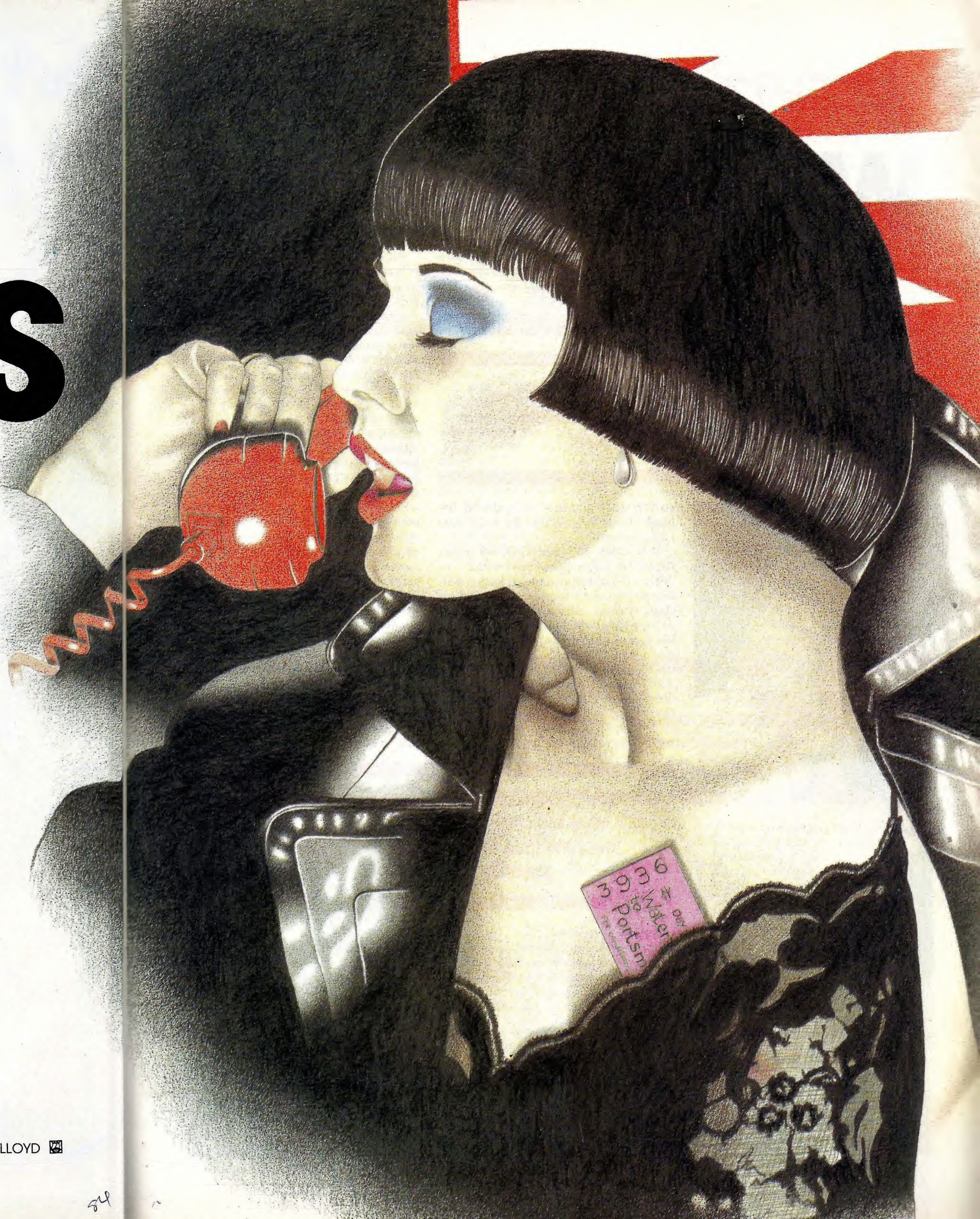
I met Edward in the Agency pub next door. Edward the elegant. A smoothie, with a reputation for being something of a fixer. I told him the problem. "No problem, old boy. £500, readies of course; be at platform 5 at Waterloo at 3.25 p.m. this Friday, and wait for a tall, Grace Kelly type, carrying a furred copy of the *Daily Telegraph* under her left arm. The name she uses is 'Gale' ..."

My Editor huffed and puffed, fumed and farted, and finally gave in. His salary review was due, and £500 was an amount he could lose on expenses without too much of a problem.

Promptly at 3.25 the slow Portsmouth-Waterloo train arrived. She was one of the first passengers through the barrier. "Ah, Mr Reilly?" she said, in a cultured voice. "How good of you to pick me up but perhaps I'd better rephrase *that*, in view of the circumstances?"

I had booked her into one of those

ILLUSTRATION BY ASHLEY LLOYD



WEEKEND WHORES

continued from previous page

"She opened her neat tooled leather suitcase and asked me to peek at her 'working clothes', as she called them."



medium priced hotels north of the park along the Bayswater Road. One she obviously always used on her visits. "Ah, Mrs Summers nice to have you with us again," greeted the reception manager, pocketing the £20 note she slid across the

counter to him under the palm of her black glove. "Er, No. 23, the small suite facing the park?"

"Oh, don't go," said Gale, up in her room. "Let's do a spot of marketing."

She opened her neat tooled leather suitcase and asked me to peek at her 'working clothes', as she called them.

"American? Middle aged? Hmmm... black, straight necked, black plungey, don't you think? Black seamed nylon stockings, and full black underset. Ah, wait a minute. Is he Ivy League — I mean did he go to Harvard, Yale, Princeton or Cornell?"

"I think Mr Rosen was born in Rosenber, and grew up the hard way in New

"The part-time tarts who head for London and other big cities usually earn more over the weekend than their husband's or boyfriend's generally make in a month."

York City." I ventured.

"Bless you! Thanks for telling me." Gale dug deeper in her case and came out with a cocktail dress in black with gold braid borders, which plunged very much in front. "Black knickers, red piping ... yes, that's it!" she cried.

On our way to The ***** to meet Mr Big she told me about herself. Thirty five, married for 15 years, she had become aware of an oppressive sexual urge for affairs outside marriage. She had sat down and discussed it openly with Robert, her accountant husband, who said that if she was going to play around then she must do so away from home, and for money.

That way, it was a business arrangement he could convince himself to tolerate, and not a succession of affairs with her getting emotionally involved with someone else.

Mr Rosen rose like a fish to the bait to meet her. "You sure can organize well, boy," he cackled, waving an enormous Havana in my face. "You'll find me grateful where it counts most!"

"Yes, thank you, too," said Gale, kissing me on the cheek. "Get in touch direct if you need me again. I would rather give you 10% than Edward!"

Most weekend whores pretend they do it because they are short of money. Well, so are we all, if it comes to that. And some girls are down on their luck, having to support single parent families, such as sexy little Monica Coghlan. What my investigations have uncovered for the rest, though, is very interesting. The majority are in it for kicks, getting their rocks off using the power of their body for payment. They don't put it that way. They never do. Take 'Dopey Deirdre', mid thirties with a boy and a girl at private schools, and long divorced from her philandering husband.

I first met Dopey down on the South Coast. She was tall with ash blonde hair which came down to her shoulders, and a very good figure with large breasts. She spoke very well, was the eldest daughter of a professional family, and had had a succession of boyfriends who always buggered her about, taking the hospitality of her house and bed, before they tired of the situation and sought fresher, perhaps younger, fields.

"One day I met this man in a pub at Hastings and he asked me if I would be interested in taking part in a special strip show he got together at weekends? Something made me very sexy at the thought and I told him I might be. 'Okay,' he said. 'Be up at the ***** Club in London this Saturday at 10 p.m., and I'll show you

what it's all about'."

"When I arrived he introduced me to several other girls and a couple of men, all with good bodies, like me. He told us that when the normal strip show finished, a special show was put on an hour later before an audience paying £100 each a seat. We would get £300 each. All I had to do was a bedroom scene with Danny, playing a couple of naughty weekenders ..."

"What happens then?" I asked.

"Come up next week and see for yourself. I'll get you in. We're each allowed one guest free."

On the train Deirdre sat in her tight

jeans and white top with her usual vacant smile, as I found myself getting randier and randier towards her, especially when she bit my ear and whispered, "I take it I'm staying with you after the show?"

It all went as she had said. There were three other girls and two men. At 1.30 a.m. Sunday morning, with the lights dark outside, shadowy figures crept in to the

giving a false name and showing them a phoney licence. Her next ploy is to drive to one of Mayfair's pick-up streets and park. She gets out of the car and saunters to and fro and then gets back in, looking at a London A-Z, crossing her shapely legs, allowing her skirt to run up to the thigh.

There's a tap at the window. She lowers

"Lying on their backs in nondescript hotels for £50 plus a time may not bring eternal happiness, but it builds a hedge of security."

tiny theatre, pressing notes into the hands of a burly 'Minder' on the door. The first girl did amazing things with a dildo and a chair leg, the next act was a lesbian one with no holds barred. And then came Deirdre and Danny. She walked about the bedroom unconcernedly undressing as he did the same. Then they got on the bed and screwed for twenty minutes, Deirdre shrieking with delight every time she came.

"You see," she confided to me as we made it in my flat, "Once a week I'm someone. Men look at me and want me, which is all they have ever done. Want me for my body, they can look but not touch and I have the last laugh on them. They are paying £100 for a visual wank. I'm getting £300 for making the bastards sweat, and enjoying myself at the same time."

Weekend whores don't always stand underneath the lamplights in Shepherd Market, or anywhere else in the West End's naughty square mile. Lyn is a kerb car crawler, and a highly successful one. Every Friday lunchtime she comes along the M40 from Beaconsfield and parks in the large garage underneath Hyde Park. She then telephones for a hire car and gets it delivered to an address in Earl's Court,

it and looks, and the punter says, "How much?"

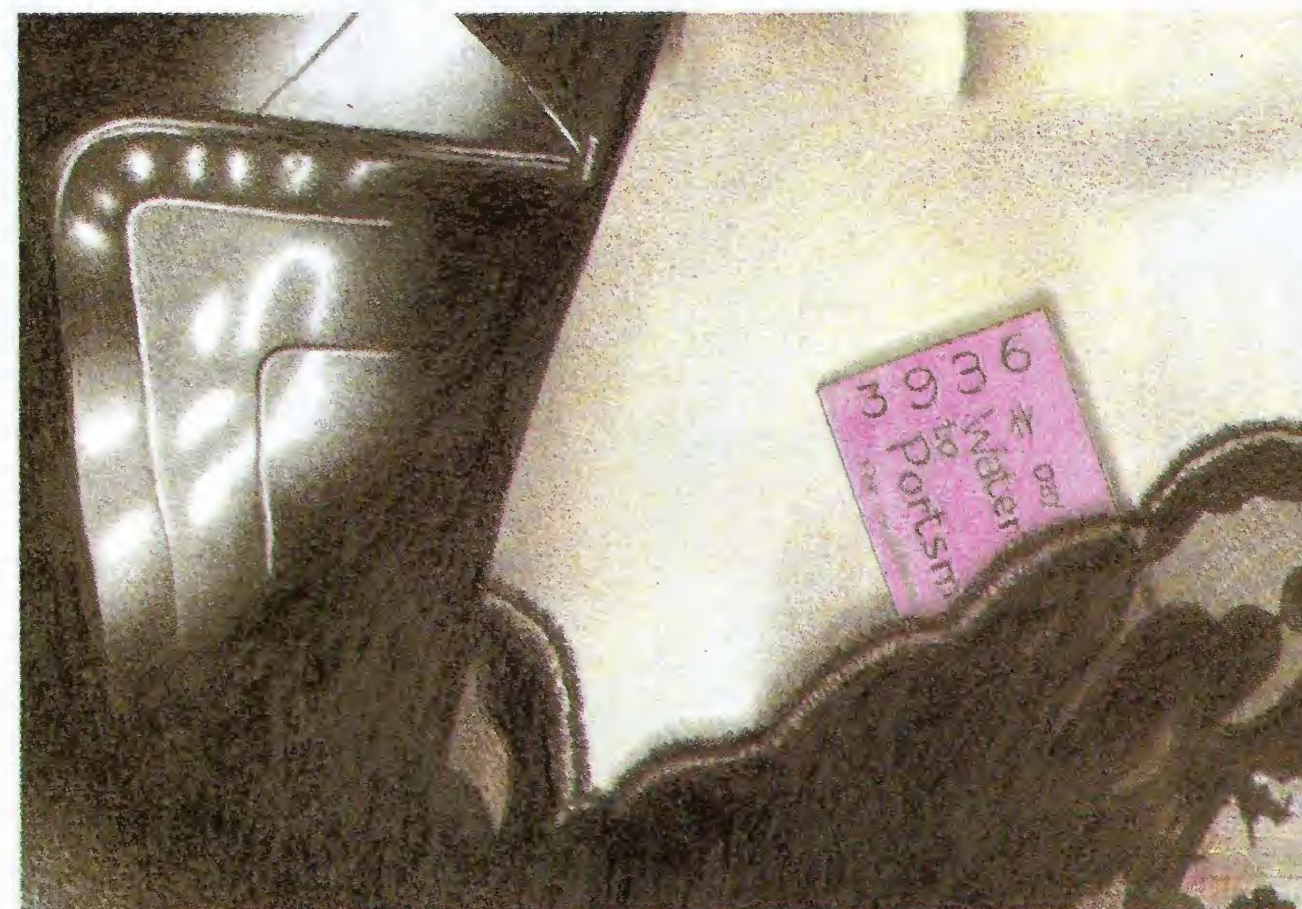
"I don't discuss business here," says Lyn. "But I will be open for offers in twenty minutes at the hotel ..."

She waits a good ten minutes after he has gone, then puts her A-Z away and drives off, getting there five minutes before him. She hasn't picked him up at the kerb. She has not invited him into her car. All she is doing is meeting a 'gentleman friend' for a drink, isn't she?

Lyn's excuse?

"It's a short to medium term commitment I've made with myself," she told me in her most prim, lower middle class, manner. I like sex and want someone permanently, but they all seem to sod off. I have Christopher to educate, the rent to pay, and not much else coming in from

"On the train Deidre sat in her tight jeans and white top with her usual vacant smile, as I found myself getting randier and randier ... especially when she bit my ear!"



my job supervising Meals On Wheels for the council. Six bangs at an average £50 a time, three times a night, for two consecutive nights. That's £300 a weekend, four weekends a month. £1,200 tax free, and mainly enjoyable — I don't go with blacks or Arabs — which I am investing in off-shore funds, untraceable by the Inland Revenue.

"I already own a house in Jersey, a villa in the Algarve, and am financing my brother's new and successful typewriter servicing and equipment business. Oh! And I still enjoy proper sex with a boyfriend whenever I feel like it."

Lukie is the houseproud mother of three children and wife of Jack, a long time out of work, and equally proud husband. They live near Stansted Airport not far from Bishops Stortford, and after a miserable Christmas last year when the gas ran out and they had jam sandwiches and Algerian wine for Christmas Dinner, Lukie decided to try the Escort Agency game. Jack went berserk. Stood up, shouted and stormed. When he'd cooled down Lukie said, "Well, what ideas have you got? How are we going to pay the electricity and gas bills, and three months' back mortgage?" Jack gave in. Lukie comes to town every Friday and Saturday, and sometimes Sunday night, too, dressed for a party. Her escort fee is £60. The rest, as the Agency told her, 'is up to you!'

"When I did it the first time — going to bed with this client — I felt terribly guilty, but when I put £200 in front of Jack and said, 'That's for the gas and electricity, and I'll be bringing home the mortgage over the next two visits,' he got up, cried,

put his arms around me, took me into our bedroom, and made love to me like he has never done since we first met in our teens.

"Men are strange. Now he knows other men are having it off with me, he's courting me all over again, and we're much happier. Jack's saving up for his own little garage now, and insists on having me in as his *sleeping partner!*"

Sadly, Weekend Whores are also very much like Monica Coghlan, herself. Out in the big wide world on their own, with no husbands or regular boyfriends. Just work, the hard or the easy way. If they are like Monica, the easy way is to make it while you can with what nature gave you in the way of looks and a sexual aura to compliment them. Lying on their backs in nondescript big city hotels for £50-plus a time may not bring eternal happiness, but it builds a hedge of security. It gives them the independence to eventually say no.

Provided they live that long.





"Oh, being married to him isn't so bad. Oral sex is a bit difficult, though!"



"Er...Mary, there's something I think you should know..."



"I've heard of premature ejaculation, but this is bloody ridiculous!"



"Our trouble is that we have sex six or seven times a week — but only once or twice with each other..."

LAUGH WITH

MARTIN.



"Okay! Who's the bloody comedian?"



"What's the floral equivalent of — Piss off, you old cow, and take your fat, ugly mother with you?"



"Got anything on etiquette, fuck-face?"



"Would you think me terribly forward if I offered you something stronger than coffee?"

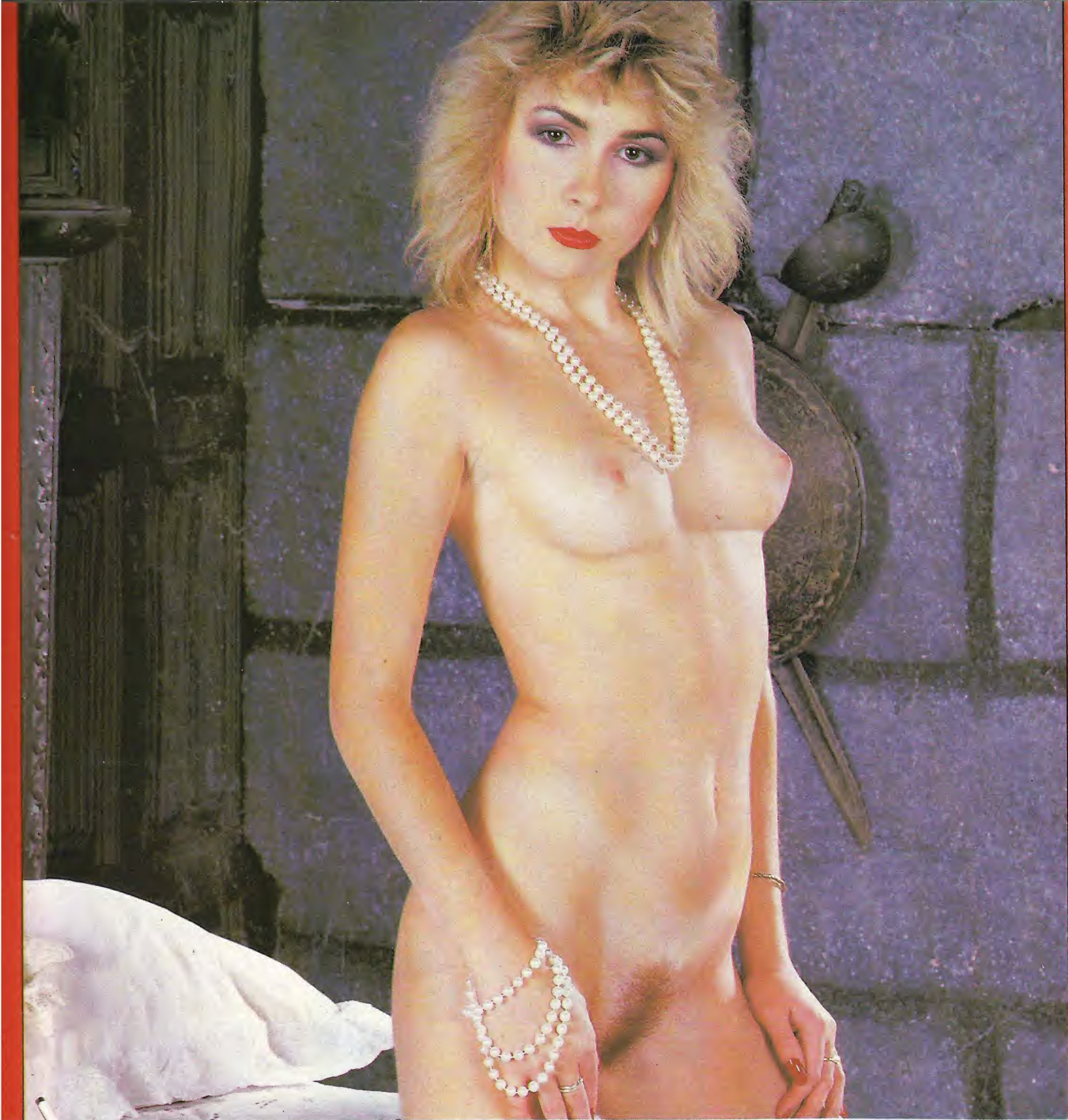
Photographed by JAMES FREEMAN

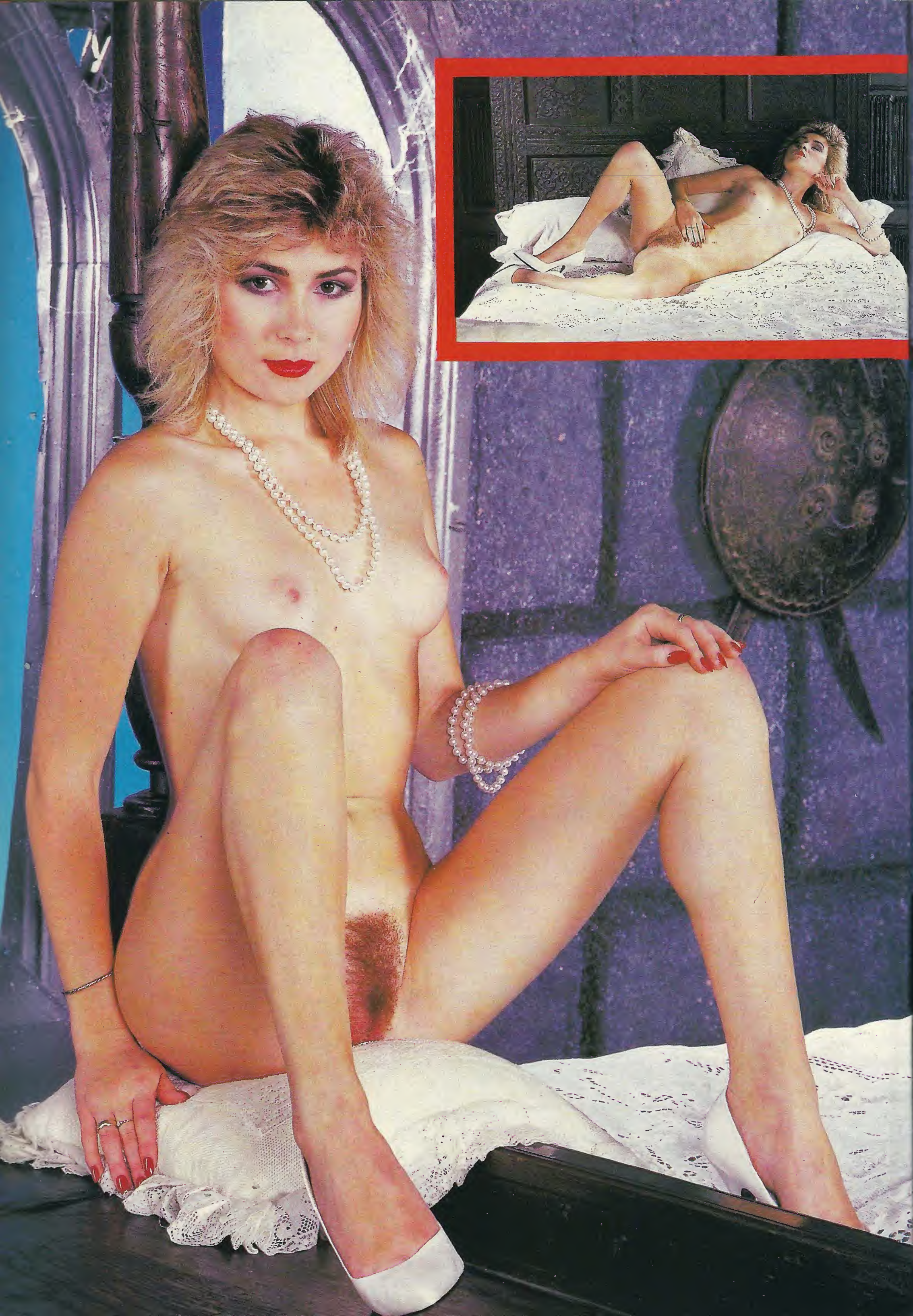
Alison Chambers



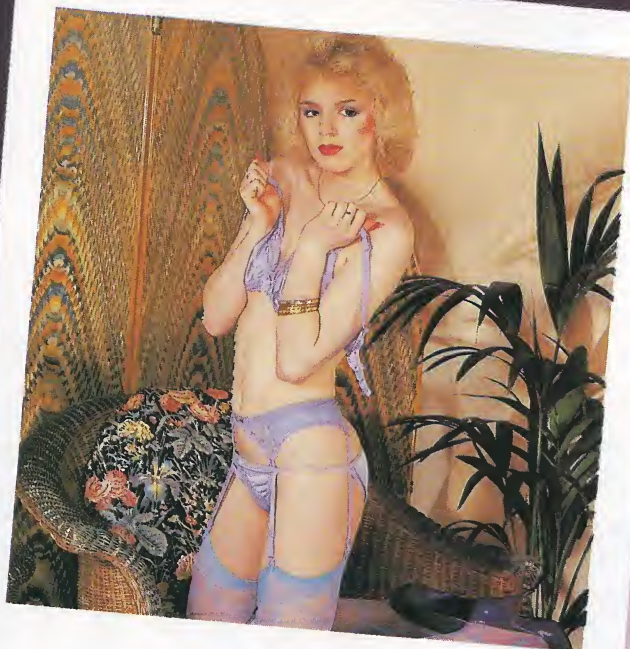


Currently studying English at a Welsh university, (What's wrong with the English ones? — Ed.). Alison had the dubious honour of modelling for *Fester* within days of doing the pictures you see here. Typical of that lot next door: just because they knew their rag would be on sale before this tasteful collection, they expect people to believe they found her! When Alison saw the set we had created for her, she was speechless for several minutes. "I like the bed," she said, "but aren't you going to paint the walls?" There are some staff here who get the same thing from their wives every night ...



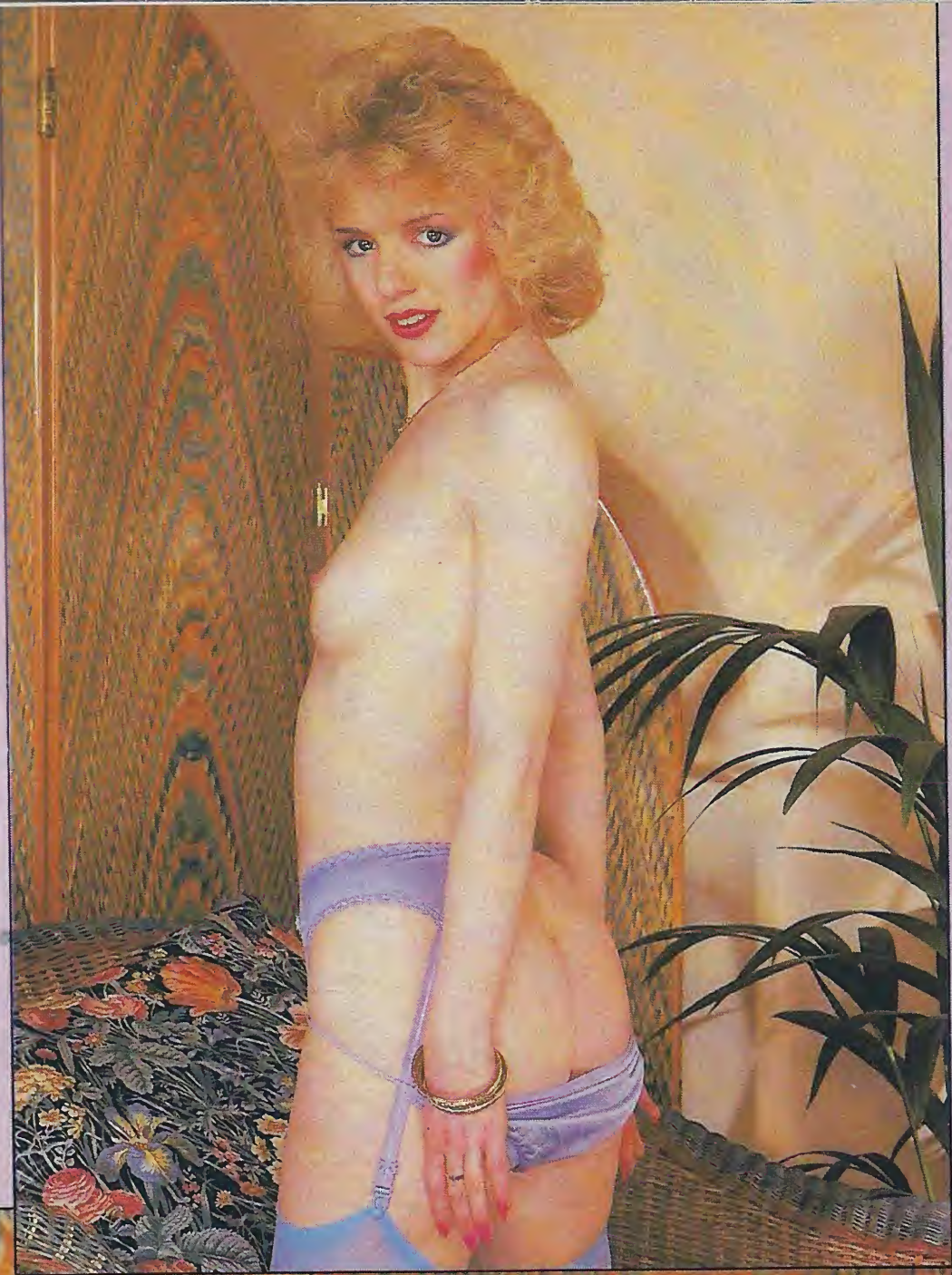


JACKIE MARTIN



Photographed by JAMES FREEMAN

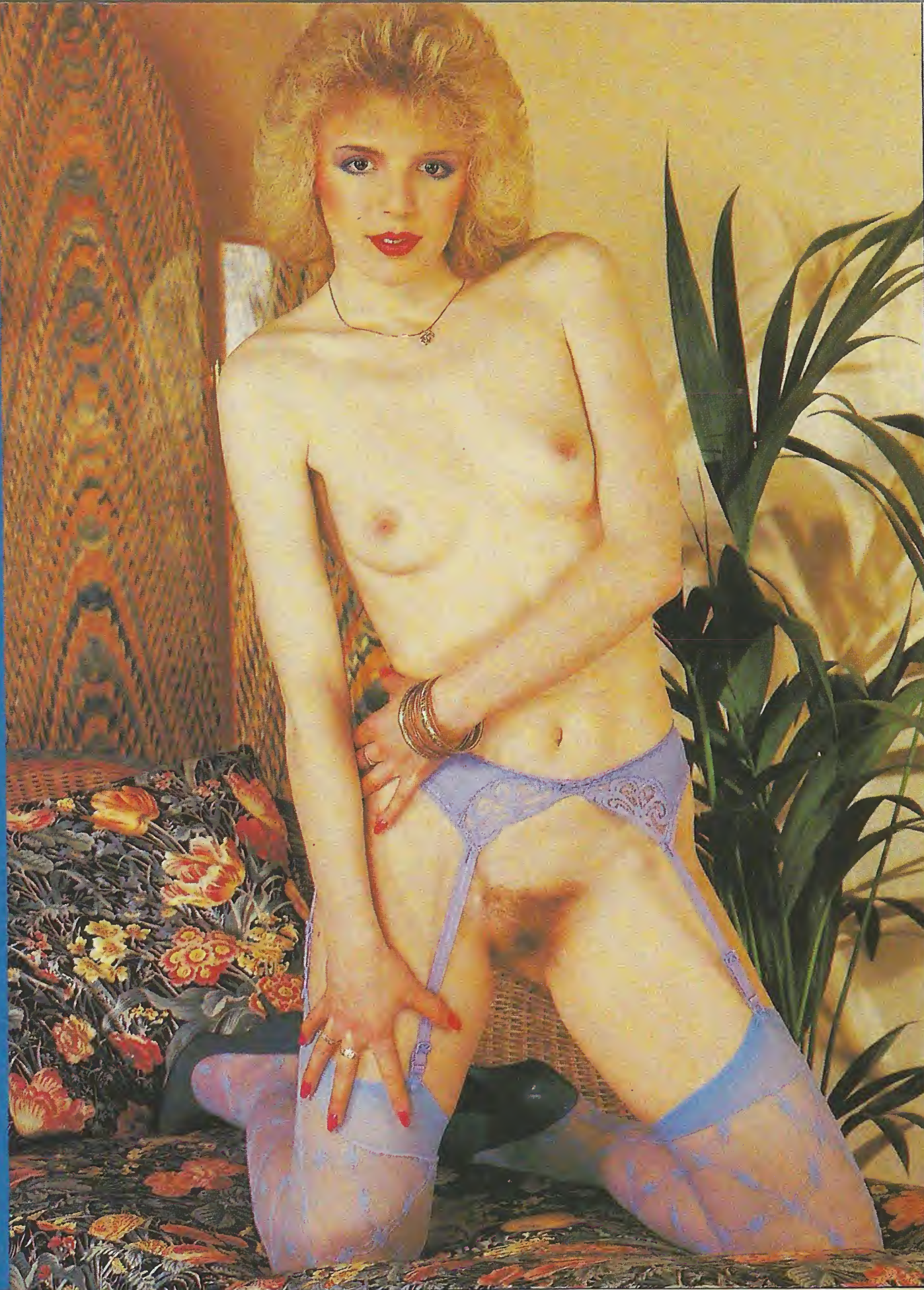




Jackie, who works as a courier for a travel company, has been everywhere, seen it and done it. So why did she want to enter our Amateur Model competition? "I've always wanted to be a model, ever since I started doing those beautiful baby contests as a kid." (I'm not about to break into the, "You must have been a beautiful baby . . ." song).

Instead, we asked her, as someone experienced in the world of holidays, what her ideal two week break would be. "A fortnight in a locked bedroom with Tom Cruise!"

she quickly replied, and judging by the glint in her eyes, they wouldn't need the *Travel Scrabble!*





Amateur *Girls*

Because we've tried to cram as many girl sets as possible into this issue — nine of 'em, no less — I'm afraid we don't have as much room as in previous issues for our Amateur Model polaroid section. So these girls are but a small selection of the hopeful models who send us their pictures every month. Enjoy them, they were taken by readers just like you!



Jamilla,
Denmark.



Sarah, Leeds.



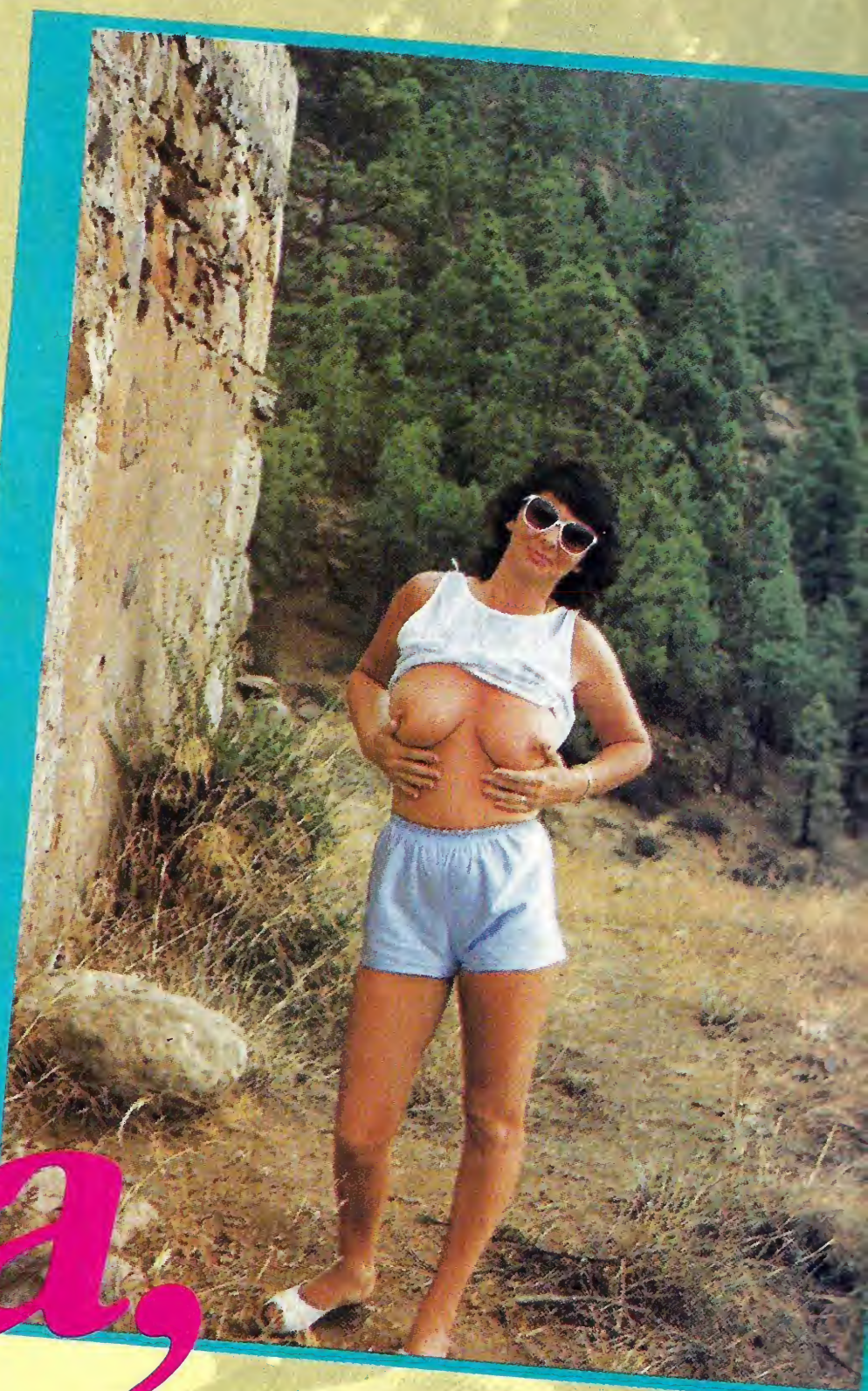
Amateur *Girls*

Lisa Ann,
Colchester.



Selina,

Cardiff.



LYNN FRASER



Photographed by FRANK LEE



When we originally planned this shoot, it was nice and warm. Now, of course, it's November, and so the summer look falls flat on its face. Pretty silly, really. Considering the number of greenfly surrounding her, Lynn made surprisingly little fuss about the heat, or the awful conditions. Not bad from someone who comes from Aberdeen, which has even less summer than the part of Scotland I was deported from. She was really good until this huge thing crawled towards her across the floor, but we quickly sent the drunk set constructor back to his cage . . .





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